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Riant Studio
Jersey City, N. J.

RIANT GUILD
Promoters
Newark and Baldwin Avenues
Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Murphy's Disappointment

COMEDY
SKETCH

By Walter Smith Griffith

Riant Studio
Jersey City, N. J.

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Mrs. Murphy's - Disappointment.

Dramatis Persona.

Will Murphy, just painter; later, contractor.

Mrs. Murphy (Mame), wife of the "conthractor."

Tony Rocco (barber), native of Italy.

Mrs. Rocco (Carmelita), New Yorker, wife of Tony.

SCENE I.

(Courtyard surrounded by tenements; two washtubs on a bench; Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Rocco hard at work washing clothes; Tony Rocco seated on another bench, facing them, struming softly on a mandolin.)

Carmelita—Was that your husband came home so late this morning, Mrs. Murphy?

Mame—No wonder you heard him;

he was soused with mixed ale—loaded up while playing pinochle over to Casey's.

Tony—Why him no getta da pint?

Mame—He says it tastes tinny out of the can. He likes scoops.

Lita—Tony, when wil we be ready for the sketch?

Tony—Stoppa chewa da rag—prac da steppa—getta da move; Bil gotta da sketch write.

Mame and Lita—All right. (Scamper to front of stage and dance to Tony's accompaniment.)

(Just as they are finishing dance, enter Will Murphy, half soused.)

Mame (jumping at him)—What are you doing home at this hour in the day, Will Murphy?

Will—No more sky painting for mine! I nearly fell off the ladder this morning. I don't want to see him yet.

Mame—See who?

Will—The devil.

Mame—If you'd keep sober you wouldn't fall off the ladder. As for the devil, you'll see him very soon if you don't reform—you'll have the willies.

Will—I ain't anxious. Say, Mame, I knew you were a creamy waltzer, but what kind of a whoop-'em-up do you call that?

Lita—That is the dance we do to make them take notice.

Mame—That is your classy point for publicity.

Lita—That gets the rapid news item.

Tony—Draga da screama from da pape.

Will—Oh! So we take the family along. I don't know about your going on the stage, Mame. You are too good looking.

Mame—Look here, Will Murphy, if you think I am going to have you gadding around the country drinking scoops with those chorus fairies you've got another puzzle solution.

Will—The chappies wil be there! Oh, you Reno Special.

Tony—Stoppa da fight.

Mame—I am going to have a new hat and pair of shoes this pay if you have to go without anything to eat next week.

Will (trying to look wise)—All right.

Mame—And I ought to have a pair of stockings (pulls her skirts to her knees, showing big rent in her stocking just below the knee). Just look at that hole.

Will—The hat and the shoes are all right, but the stockings, nit. I'm the only one sees the hole, and I aint kicking.

Tony—Singa da song (softly commences refrain).

Lita—Yes, we want lots of practice.

(Will sings "No More for Mine.")

No More for Mine.

When I get over this horrible feeling,
Never again! Never again!
I wonder what's that funny shape a-stealing
Across the walk! Across the walk!
Great Casey, am I getting the batsies?
Sure, sure, I am, as sure as old hatsies,
Oh, dear me, what a lot of queer ratsies;
Never again! Never again!
No more for mine! No more for mine!

Chorus:

Fill 'em up again, Mike, fill 'em up,
Fill 'em up again, Mike, fill 'em up;
Why afar do I thusly roam?
Don't I think I'd better go home?
Not on your life! Not on your life!
(Spoken—"Why?")
My wife says I'm the bane of her life;
Fill 'em up again, Mike, fill 'em up,
Fill 'em up again, Mike, fill 'em up!

When I get away from this mixed ale
reeling,
Never again! Never again!
I wonder how's the sober way for feel-
ing?
Look over there! Look over there!
Oh! great stars, am I getting the willies?
No, no, no, you set of old sillies;
I wonder if those goats are all billies?
Never again! Never again!
No more for mine! No more for
mine!
Chorus.

(Will starts toward alley passage to street, startling at every squeak of orchestra. Mrs. M. quietly moves to meet him.)

Will (preparing himself to make a quick dash thru the passage)—So long. I'm going out for a while.

Mame (jumping and grabing him)—No Casey's for yours.

(Leads him meekly into the house,

orchestra playing weding march. Mrs. R. seats herself by Tony in real Italian wife style. Tony softly plays mandolin. Slow curtain.)

SCENE II.

(Lawn of Contractor Murphy's country seat, Stonecliff Manor. Mrs. Murphy walking around; Will seated. Both in swel summer attire.)

Will—Gee! Just one of Casey's scoops would hit me now. Bottle beer! Rotten!

Mame—Will Murphy, if you want to make a beast of yourself, do it as a gentleman. Casey's! Pinochle! Scoops! The idea! There is plenty of wine in the house. It wil giv you just as disgraceful an appearance as mixed ale. I wish you to forget your Mulberry Bend origin.

Will—Mulberry Bend ain't so bad. They haven't as much varnish on down

there, but there is more sound oak underneath.

Mame (sneeringly)—Some more of your Coney Island witticisms.

Will—Aw! I'm tired of this place, any way you look at it.

Mame—Will Murphy, I feel like giving you up; here you are, rich and growing richer, and nothing suits you.

Will—We have prospered pretty wel financially, but I dont see why you insist on living up in this dreary hole.

Mame—What is the trouble with it NOW, Mr. Murphy?

Will (airily)—Murphay, if you plaze. Wel, Mrs. Murphay, Tony and Lita have made just as much off our vaudeville ventures as we have. Tony has his in apartments right where we used to live, piling up more money for him. We, to please your tony notions, have this white elephant to feed. I aint kicking so much on the joint in the Summer time, but in the Winter!

Mame (angrily)—The whole trouble with you is that you can't spend all your spare time in Casey's low grogshop. The idea of preferring Mulberry Bend to Stonecliff Manor!

Will—It's good enough for Tony and Lita, and they are richer than we are. Tony comes of better stock than we do. His father is an Italian nobleman.

Mame (sneeringly)—That's what he says. Funy he should have been a barber if he had so much brains.

Will—You know what a fine musician he is. His music is the rage all over the country.

Mame (with pride)—So are your sayings. Don't allow a Wop to get more credit than an Irishman.

Will—Cut it. Here comes—

(Enter Tony (mandolin case in hand) and Carmelita [with baby in arms] skiping.)

Will—Hello, Tony and Lita. How's little Tony? (Lita holds up baby for

all to see. Mame kisses Lita and baby and they draw to one side.)

Tony—Fina place, Will.

Will—Fine, but it's too far from the Bend. Wine and case goods. Makes me sick.

Tony (with shrug)—Wine vera fine.

Will—Mixed ale for mine, and they can't come too big.

Mame—Do you feel strong enough yet for our new venture, Lita?

Lita—Strong enough? Us Italians dont make any fuss about having children.

Will (winking)—Nor us Irish when we make up our minds. (Aside to Tony:) Mame has been five years now trying to make up her mind. I'm half inclined to think she has suffraget leanings.

Mame—Sh! There might be some here. I dont want a hatchet bounced off my man disturber. Besides, lots of the suffragets have children.

Lita—Not after it takes wel.

Tony (opening case and taking out mandolin)—Lita, singa Will's lullaby.

(Lita skips to footlights, huging baby, and sings:)

I Dont Want a Vote.

A mother of a baby boy,
My heart is bubbling o'er with joy
As to my breast I closely press
His being, with a rare caress;
No suffragetic manly craze
Can lure my soul's enthused amaze
To even giv a moment's thought
Away from him my flesh hath wrought.

Chorus:

Hush a bye, my darling son,
While the hours swiftly run,
Cuddle closely to my breast,
Baby, dear, in downy nest,
Sleep, my precious baby, sleep,
Mother's heart wil vigil keep,
Naut can harm you, dearest, best,
While I guard your peaceful rest.

Great God, to him grant wisdom rare,
So he'll escape the carping care
That comes with bitter battling foes
Aheaping up poor mortal woes,
Until poor sinners seek the bowls
That drive to hel poor mortal souls,
And keep his ways from women's wiles,
From snares of suffragetic smiles.

Chorus:

(Crowd of suffragets jump from their seats and swarm onto the stage, screaming "Votes for Women," driving the performers off.)

Oh, You Brooklyn!

Orator—When I came from Pittsburg the other day and got out of the train in that grand dapo uptown and strolled thru and onto the street, the sights caused me to say: "Wel, some excitement!"

Needing a new suit, I inquired the way to a first-class shop and doned a real uptothefit cover.

Then I roamed downtown and gazed up at some of your sky parlors.

I didn't note, but I'll gamble my mouth was wide open.

I had expressed my trunk and suitcase to my aunt in Brooklyn, so when I became surfeited with sight seeing I inquired the way to the Brooklyn train.

The B. R. T. brought me to Brooklyn.

(Turns and starts to walk off.)

Man in Audience—Heigh! Come back here.

Orator (turning and coming slowly back)—What's the matter? I hain't dun nawthun.

Man—Where's the parcel.

Orator—The parcel?

Man—Yes—the joke.

Orator—It's on me. In fact, on everyone traveling that way, except Brooklynites. If I had it to do over again I'll swim or take the ferryboat.

A Brass Fixture.

Orator—The next time I feel like exercising my muscles I am going to grab the leader of an orchestra, lay him out flat on the floor and take a running jump right onto his face with my heels.

Leader of Orchestra—You inhuman wretch.

Or.—How?

Leader—Do you mean to tel me that you would dare to take one of my profession, place him in such a humiliating position and disable him from providing in a proper manner for his wife and family?

Or.—I don't get you.

Leader (excitedly)—Why, crush in his face and spoil—

Or.—Spoil nothing. They say rubber bounces fine off brass.

The Dairy Disclosure.

Soubret (very low-cut dress)—Hello; are you our angel?

Angel—Sure; why?

Sou.—You look nice.

Angel—Say, what kind of a dress do you call that?

Sou. (with giggle)—This? My low-cut.

Angel—Dont you think it's dangerous?

Sou.—How?

Angel—Why, unmasking your dairy battery so recklessly.

Oh, no! She Wasnt Uptodate.

Orator—I tel you, it's great in these suffraget times to have a wife like mine. She wouldn't wear a low-cut dress or a slit skirt. Why? (Swels out his chest and looks important.) Because she knows I object to such rowdy attire.

Butler (entering and handing him a bil)—Mrs. Orator told me to giv this to you sir. (Bows and retires.)

Orator (opening envelope and reading)—To one slit skirt for Mrs. Orator, $25. (Tears his hair in dismay.)

Angel—Oh, you Sukey!

Soubret (very low cut dress and slit skirt showing leg to knee)—How do you do?

Angel—Charming, in your presence.

Sou.—Oh, you dear old cut-up!

Angel—But I am so afraid you wil catch cold.

Sou.—How?

Angel—With that awful rent in your dress. Why dont you have it sewed up? It's a shame to ruin such a lovely gown.

Sou.—(pertly)—The Four Hundred affect this style, so why should I refuse to be uptodate?

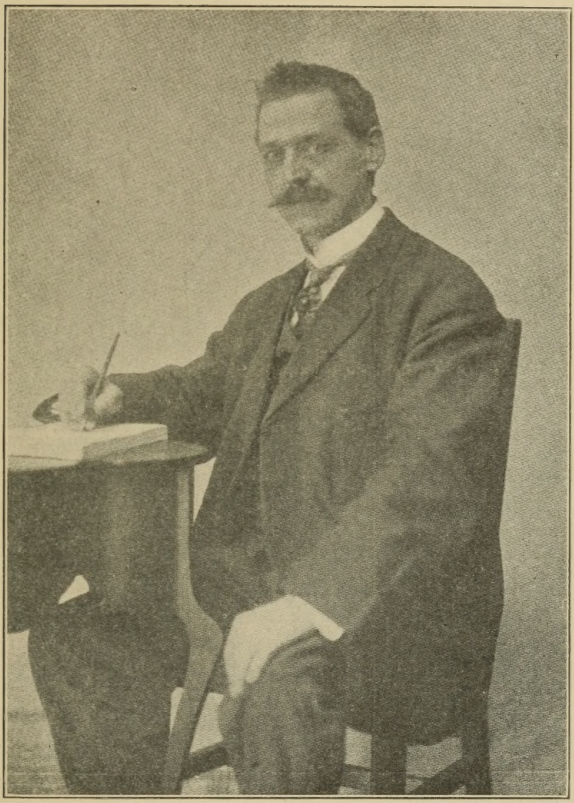
So, Angel, dear, dont think I'm bold,
Nor do I think I'll catch a cold.

Angel—Oh, you poetess!

Sou. (roguishly)—If you fear for my welfare, a good, hot dinner wil drive away any cold flirting around.

Angel (grabing her arm with mock expression of dismay)—Stung!

Sou.—It's sweet of you to tel me.



Walter Smith Griffith

Four Things To Not Forget!

Swatches

Glide, Little Brown-Eyed Lovey

Korla

The Bugle Call

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